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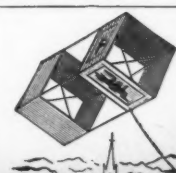
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LIFE.

Sarah Orme Jewett.

IF I could look as she looks
I wouldn't be bothered with books.
If I could write as she writes
My looks wouldn't vex me o' nights.
But to write as she writes,
And look as she looks,
And charm as she charms—
Who is there can do it,
Save only Miss Jewett?

His Yearn.

FIRST KLONDIKER (*shivering like a corn popper*): I wish I was half froze!

SECOND KLONDIKER: Thunder! What for?

"Because I'm nine-tenths froze now."



SARAH ORME JEWETT.

The World's Progress.



THE Newe Butsolds brought out a daughter last Tuesday, and the house was decorated with twenty thousand dollars' worth of violets. Miss Cilley Butsolid is a charming girl. She and Trowsors Van Guzzle are sometimes seen together on the avenue, but there is nothing in it.

Pains in the stomach will be occasionally worn during the coming spring. Stilor Nuthin says he is going to have one, whatever it costs.

Mr. and Mrs. Gatheran Spend will occupy their new villa this next summer. There are rooms for two hundred guests. The lawn is three miles across, and the columns of the portico are of juniper, lined with mint.

There is no truth in the report that Sally Nevre-Atome wears ready-made shoes. The people who start these cruel slanders should be hunted down and punished. Jack Nevre-Atome says such a thing is unknown in his family as a ready-made article of any kind. They get measured for everything, except wine.

Miss Pussie Innitt—the eldest daughter of Mrs. Kommunbut Innitt—buys all her lingerie in Paris. She is a most charming girl. Her father's income is estimated at half a million.



First Spirit: WHAT'S THE LATEST?

Second Spirit: CINDER-PATHING THE RINGS OF SATURN FOR THE BICYCLISTS.



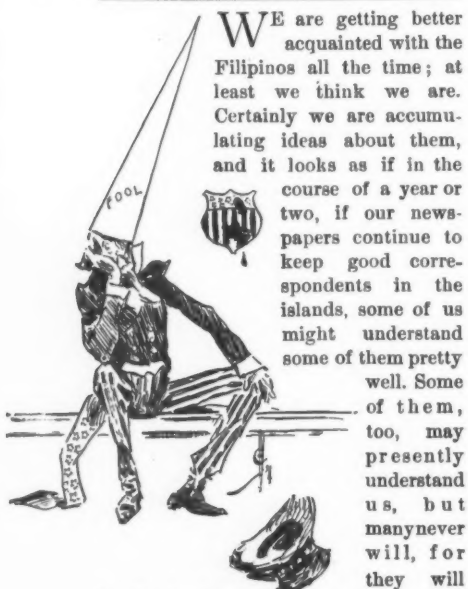
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIII. APRIL 6, 1899. No. 854.
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WE are getting better acquainted with the Filipinos all the time; at least we think we are. Certainly we are accumulating ideas about them, and it looks as if in the course of a year or two, if our newspapers continue to keep good correspondents in the islands, some of us might understand some of them pretty well. Some of them, too, may presently understand us, but many never will, for they will be dead. It is averred that we have killed more Filipinos in three months than the Spaniards killed in three centuries. That may not be an exact statement, but there is a fair approximation to verity in it, for it is not recalled that the Spanish had occasion to fight the Filipinos very hard, and when they did fight them as hard as they could they didn't begin to put up the quality of warfare that our troops have shown them. We seem to have killed a lot of them, and there is no telling how long or how hard the survivors will hate us for it. We need not especially mind their hating us as long as we stay at home, but for those of us who are sent to live out there among them the animosity of the little men may be a real

annoyance, for it comes natural to the Malay to express dislike by coming up softly behind you and inserting a long knife into your person. Armies cannot be killed off in that way all at once, but for removing individuals the institution is tolerably effective, especially when it is supplemented by a tropical sun.

Another bad thing about the Malays is the prevalence among them of some very bad diseases in an extremely virulent form. They are diseases which American soldiers are apt to catch, and if we become as intimate with the Filipinos as we expect, our surgeons will have stories to tell which will be considerably horrifying.

Altogether, there is a glut of embarrassments about our mission to the Filipinos. They are dangerous to fight, and promise to be rather more dangerous after we have whipped them than at present. Their climate is unhealthy for our men, and they are even more unhealthy than their climate. We have begun by being sorry for them because they have compelled us to fight them. We seem likely to end by being heartily sorry for ourselves for that we ever meddled with them. Our way of expressing regret for our indiscretion will not be to drop them and come home, but merely to put planks in our political platforms next year, saying that the Filipino was created free and equal, and that no party that proposes to spend men and money keeping him in order is fit to receive the votes of American freedmen. Having fixed up these planks as a relief to our feelings, we will probably go on as before, for, while the number of persons who realize the folly of our taking the Philippines increases daily, men who have a definite plan of letting go are still few and quiet.



IF there were two strong and responsible political parties in the country, the outlook would be better both for the accomplishment of things that ought to be done and for our extrication from scrapes that we ought never to have got into. But what alternative is there for anyone who finds his convictions imperfectly realized by the present Administration? What are the Democrats offering to the man whose devotion to the Major is not so unquali-

fied but that he would vote for a better man next year if a better man was offered? The two available brands of Democracy on the market are those of Bryan and Croker—of Bryan, still harping on free silver; of a Croker, whose motto is "*E pluribus unum*, and I am the one." The Republicanism of Hanna and Alger and C. C. Shayne may be irksome, but what prospect is there that the Democrats will offer us any remedy that we will dare to take? The ablest man in public life is a Republican, but no one seems to think of him as a possible candidate for President. The political dilemma is so obvious and so troublesome that it cannot last indefinitely, but as long as the Democratic party has no leader that conservative voters can trust, and the Republican party relies exclusively on its hindsight for its policy, it is mighty difficult to foresee from what direction relief can come.

WHETHER for the last year General Miles has been circumspect as well as efficient in his conduct, and has always done the right thing in the right way, LIFE does not know. The inner history of his relations with the Administration has not been published, and to form any just estimate of his merit or faults seems not now to be possible. We do know, however, that he was at the bottom of the inquiry into the canned beef, and that a military investigation which is still in progress has fully justified his charge that the canned roast beef, so-called, which was issued to the army, was largely unfit for human food. At present, therefore, General Miles seems to be decidedly on top. He forced the investigation, and he has used what authority the War Department has left him to bring out the facts about that beef. Whatever the Commission may report, the public knows that the bulk of the canned beef was very, very bad, and that General Miles's complaints about it have been abundantly justified by the testimony of witnesses.

At Cambridge the other day he was received with enthusiasm by Harvard students, and President Eliot spoke of him as having shown within the last few months "the courage higher than that of the soldier, which for duty's sake bears obloquy and risks detraction and calumny."

A Rara Avis.



ONCE there was an Easter bonnet
With some wings and feathers on it,
And a tiny, shiny buckle in a bit of ribbon
shirred.
Said the ladies, "Please inform us
Why its bill is so enormous,"
And that foolish little Easter bonnet thought it
was a bird!

It slyly watched its chances,
And, escaping people's glances,
It flew straight out the window and it
lighted on a tree.
With fear its wings were quaking
And its little frame was shaking,
But it sat there smiling bravely though
'twas frightened as could be.

Said the birds, "You're of our feather,
Come and let us flock together,"
But the bonnet answered proudly, "I'm exclusive
and select;
And although I could be pleasant
To an ostrich or a pheasant,
For me to herd with common birds you really can't
expect."

Said a hunter, "This is pretty,
I will take it home to Kitty,"
Then he aimed his gun and shot it, and it fell with-
out a word.
Then it gave a final flutter,
And pertly seemed to mutter,
"Well, after all, I'd rather be a Bonnet than a Bird."

Carolyn Wells.



He Must Be the One.

"I READ to-day," said Mrs. McBride,
"of a Judge who recently granted
twenty divorces in one day."

"He must be one of those twenty-knot
destroyers we read about sometimes,"
added Mr. McBride.

Often the Case.

LITTLE Mike (in the midst of his read-
ing): Feyther, phwot is an epigram?
McLUBBERTY: An ipigram, is ut? Be-
gorra, ut's sum'thin' thot makes yez vomit.



Art: AND TO THINK THAT ONLY YESTERDAY
I REFUSED ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR THAT
SKETCH!



PASTIMES OF EASTER WEEK.

Seeing the Town.

IT'S strange how Tomkins treats his friends
When showing them about,
For first he always fills them up
And then he bails them out.



"HERE'S ANOTHER CABLE FROM SECRETARY ALGER, GENERAL, WANTING YOUR REPORT."
"SEND HIM THAT 'FORM NUMBER FIVE' ABOUT THE NATIVES BEING QUIET AND CONTENTED, AND BUSINESS CONFIDENCE RESTORED, AND SO ON."
"THERE ARE ONLY A FEW OF THOSE FORMS LEFT, SIR."
"VERY WELL. ORDER TWO THOUSAND MORE PRINTED AT ONCE. WE'LL NEED 'EM."

BOOKS**Burglary as a Fine Art.**

MR. HORNUNG has reversed the usual form of the detective story and made the hero a gentleman-burglar who always comes out ahead. He calls the enticing tale "The Amateur Cracksmen" (Scribner). *Raffles* is a fascinating villain who is a criminal, incidentally to raise funds for his easy club life in London, but actually and passionately he follows burglary as a fine art. He always carries the reader's sympathies, except when he plans a cold-blooded murder. Circumstances prevented his committing it, but ever after *Raffles* seems less of an artist and more of a rogue. The ingenuity of the tales never gets ahead of their plausibility. Just when



Molly: SUPPOSE YOUR FATHER OWED \$15 TO THE GROCER, \$6.54 TO THE BUTCHER, \$12.39 TO THE COAL MERCHANT, AND \$3.76 TO THE MILKMAN, HOW MUCH WOULD HE PAY ALTOGETHER?

"NOTHING."

"I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T KNOW ADDITION."

"AND YOU DON'T KNOW FATHER."

you feel sure that the author has led *Raffles* into an inartistic crime which will surely be his undoing, the redoubtable villain himself comes up smiling, with an easy and audacious solution of the tangle.

The last chapter, when *Raffles* is finally cornered by a Scotland Yard detective on a steamer in the Mediterranean after the robbery of a great pearl, is a triumph of construction for sustained interest. If you feel sure that he is caught at last—well, you don't know *Raffles*!

There is rich material for a refined melodrama in the story. Moreover, *LIFE* suggests that Mr. Hornung and Mr. Doyle collaborate on a great romance in which *Sherlock Holmes* shall be set to catch *Raffles*. *Holmes* is the only man who might do it, and even he would find it a doubtful and absorbing undertaking.

THE reprint of a seventeenth century translation of *Cyrano de Bergerac's* "A Voyage to the Moon" (Doubleday & McClure), with a biographical introduction by Curtis Hidden Page, is worth while, independent of the interest in *Cyrano*

aroused by Rostand's play. For the fantastic satire is amusing in itself, even though you must wade through a lot of verbiage to get at the gems. So must you in Swift, or Jules Verne. That the inhabitants of the Moon sleep on beds of flowers, dine on odors, speak a musical language, grow young as they grow old, and have a contempt for the earthly way of doing things, is not only good fantasy, but makes an opening for keen satire. The editor believes that, among other strange things, *Cyrano* in this tale forecasts the theory of microbes. At any rate, he shows an engaging imagination.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT is known as the author of "Jerry" and "The Durket Spellet"—full-grown novels of considerable dramatic intensity. She shows her ability to write short stories in "An Incident" (Harper), where her recent magazine work is collected. She takes an advanced view of certain phases of the New South—a view that intelligent Southern writers have been trying to inculcate. She disputes, in the first story, the inherent

right of a crowd to lynch a negro when he assails a woman. In another story she less successfully demonstrates that points of honor between gentlemen need not necessarily be settled by shooting on sight. Miss Elliott's stories reveal the attitude of believers on both sides. While deploring the barbarity of the prevailing custom, she shows how reasonable it seems to Southern people, and how hard it will be to eradicate it. But the stories are not preachy—they are dramatic incidents—and the moral is inferential.

IN the introduction to the twelfth volume of the *Biographical Thackeray* (Harper) a letter from Mr. Venables is quoted, in which he says: "I once told him (Thackeray) that the basis of his character was religious sentimentality, and he gravely said that I understood him perfectly." Which leads to the suspicion that Thackeray was laughing in his sleeve and knew how to please an old friend. A better key to Thackeray is his own phrase—"Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred."

Droch.

The Ballad of C. C. Shayne.

'T WAS on a sunny morn in March
We walked adown the quay,
A merry, pleasure-seeking band,
To sail across the sea.
But we stayed our steps with grim
surprise
Upon the landing-stage,
To see a grizzly, savage man
Within an iron cage.

A wretched, melancholy man,
Who sat half-naked there,
And a dingy strip of ragged fur
Was all that he did wear.
And loud he sang a dismal song,
With a monotone refrain:

"Oh, dames and sirs, don't get your furs
At the store of C. C. Shayne!"

"Oh, tell us why, unhappy man,
You chant this sorry rhyme,
And is it true that you did do
Some strange, blood-curdling crime?"

"Oh, no," he cried, "no crime has dyed
My hands with crimson stain;
But soon you'll know why I warble so
The ballad of C. C. Shayne.

"For once, like you, I was happy, too,
And I sailed across the brine,
And back I came, as you'll do the same,
On a ship of the Black Star line.
And it was just here, at the end of the
pier,
That I sidled down the plank;
Oh! oft I've wished since that day so
drear
That the Black Star ship had sank!

"For I spied just here at the end of the
pier
A wild, untutored band,
And with a howl and a fearful scowl
They welcomed me to land.
And first they grabbed my portmanteau,
And then they grabbed my trunk;
Oh! oft I've wished since that day so
drear
That the Black Star ship had sunk!

"And soon my shirts and collars and cuffs
Lay strewn upon the ground,
And with greedy hand that robber band
Seized everything they found.
And when my trunk and bag were bare
They turned around to me,
And the hungry look in their cruel eyes
Was horrible to see.

"Then one whipped off my hat and cried,
'Hurrah, this comes from Locke's!'
And another pulled off my Thomas boots
And my Beale and Inman socks;
And a third, he stripped my coat and
vest,
Though the day was damp and cool;
And a fourth, as he drew my trousers off,
Read the label of Henry Poole.



"GOLF LYNX."

"When I landed once at Labrador,
And once on Feejee's isles,
And again on Patagonia's shore,
I met with native smiles;
Or at the worst they smacked their lips
And sadly let me go;
But they only deign in the land of Shayne
To enact such scenes of woe.

"So there I stood in the wintry wind,
And my fingers soon turned blue;
'Oh, gentlemen,' I shouted then,
'What am I going to do?'
Whereat they sang this dismal song,
With its monotone refrain:
'Oh, luckless sir, you must buy fur
At the store of C. C. Shayne.'

"What else, indeed, was I to do?
So I gave what my purse did hold;
They did not like my foreign clothes,
But they liked my foreign gold.
And they chose for me this strip of skin
From the stock in the store of Shayne;
But 'twould be amiss to walk out like
this,
So here I must remain.

"And they clapped me in this iron cage,
And here I sing all day,
And warn the heedless, merry crowds
That wish to sail away.
Oh, turn you back, you merry band,
Or if you go to sea,
Then ne'er come back to this down-
trod land
And its Statue of Liberty!

"But ere you go I fain would know
What beast once wore this fur,
And did it crawl upon all fours,
And did it bark or purr?
Or did it bellow, grunt or roar,
Or did it only moo,
Or was it a green ourang-outang
From the coast of Timbuctoo?"

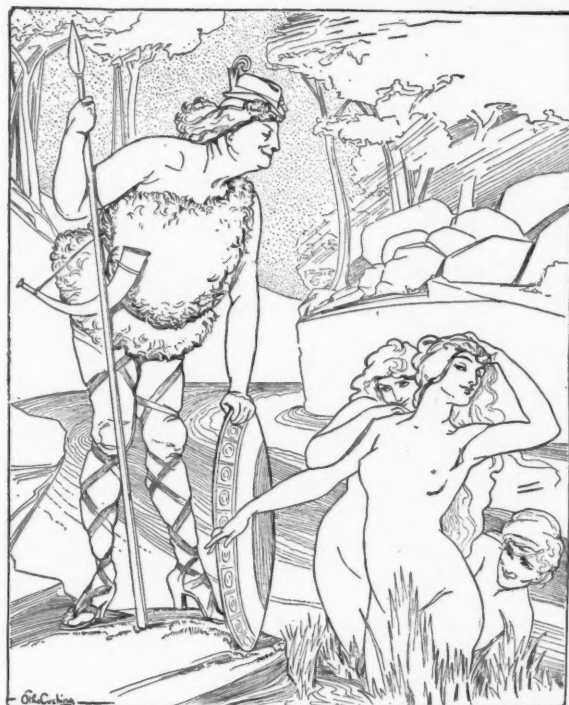
We could not tell that hapless man
What beast that fur had worn,
But we knew the man who skinned that
beast
And who skinned that man forlorn.
Not one of us set sail that day,
For we heeded his wise refrain,
And whate'er occurs we buy no furs
At the store of C. C. Shayne.

Memnon.



IN 1850.

JASPER: Basser doesn't seem to be as popular in Brooklyn as he used to be.
JUMPUPPE: And no wonder. He has acquired the habit of singing his baby to sleep, and in that way he wakens every other baby on the avenue.



SIEGFRIED AND THE RHINE MAIDENS.



HENRY II. AND ROSAMOND.

HISTORIC FLIRTATIONS.

A Good Way to Expand.

RECENT London despatches describe Mr. Choate as hard at work house-hunting. How can our British friends maintain their confidence in our destiny as co-regulators with them of all creation when they have in London an example of the incorrigible unwillingness of Congress to do ordinary things in an ordinarily sensible manner?

It is a ridiculous thing that as long as we send an Ambassador to London we should not buy him a fit house to live in and pay him a salary sufficient for his maintenance. The present prospect of permanency for the Republic warrants us in buying and furnishing a dozen suitable houses in different capitals of Europe for our embassies and legations. We can't do it, not because there is any sound objection to it, or because it costs too much, but because no Congress has collective gumption enough to see that the thing is proper to be done, and energy enough to accomplish it. And yet some persons believe that a government that won't house and pay its Ambassadors properly is suited to conquer distant islands and administer wisely the affairs of the folks who live in them!

Requiescat Non in Pace.

THERE seems to be no permanent rest for the late H. C. Barnet. He died apparently from natural causes, but has since been suspected of having been poisoned, has been disinterred, and, his contents being analyzed, the suspicion has been confirmed. This would seem to be trouble enough for a dead man, but it was not the sum of Mr. Barnet's adversities, since it has transpired that since his death he has been drawn on a jury and fined one hundred dollars for not attending. In life he was retiring and inconspicuous, but in death he has abounded in excitement and publicity.

AND so poor, overworked Mr. Alger has gone to Cuba on a government transport to recruit his health, and at the same time to discover incidentally what chances that fertile isle offers to Americans who have made money out of canned beef. LIFE is informed confidentially that he did not leave behind him his resignation as Secretary of War in President McKinley's Cabinet.



HALLUCINATIONS.

Jones: MARIA, I'M SURE THERE'S SOMETHING CRAWLING UP MY BACK.

Mrs. Jones: OH, I GUESS IT'S JUST YOUR FANCY.

"NO, IT'S TOO LIVELY."



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THE EDUCATION OF
XXVI.

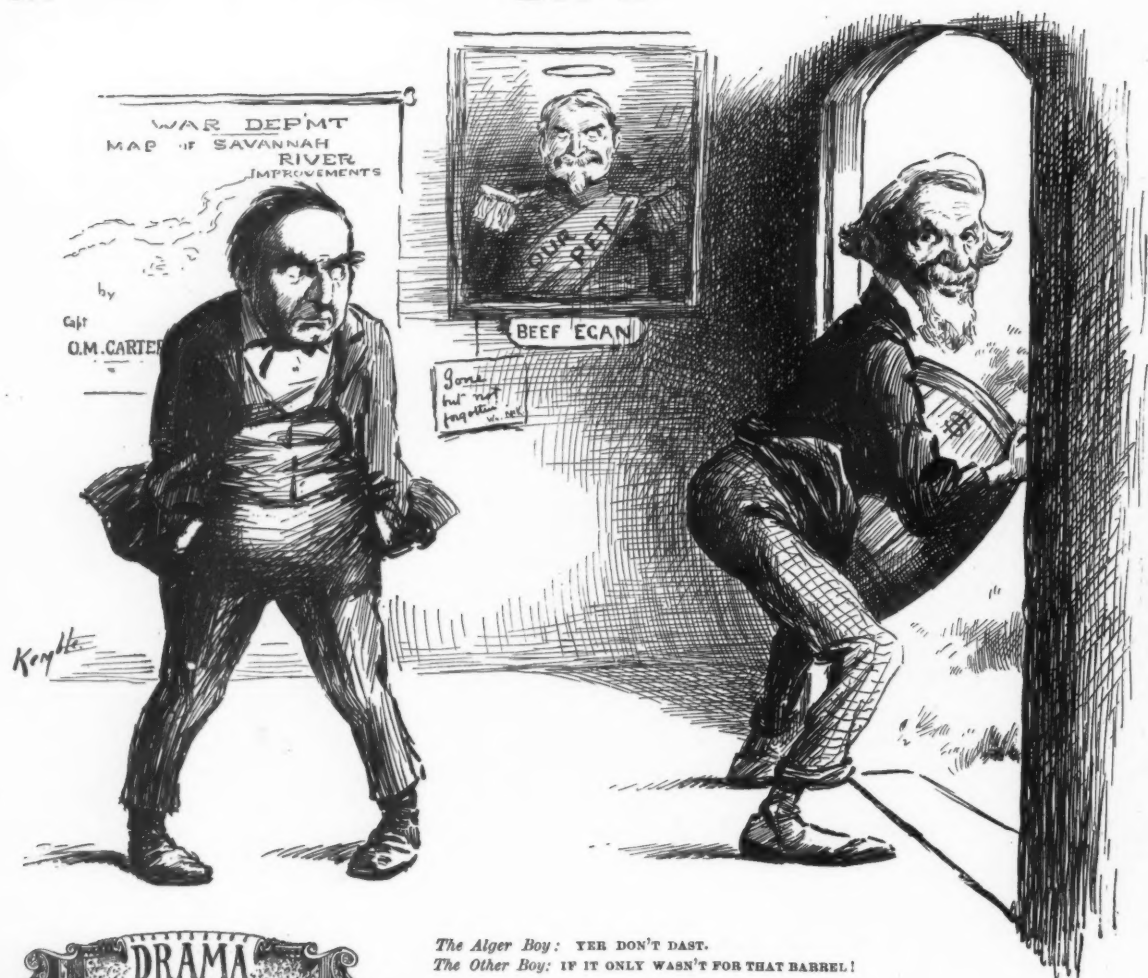
AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES HE MEETS HIS OLD



EDUCATION OF MR. PIPP.

XXVI.

MEETS HIS OLD FRIEND VIOLA, LADY FITZMAURICE.



For the Safety of Theatre-Goers.

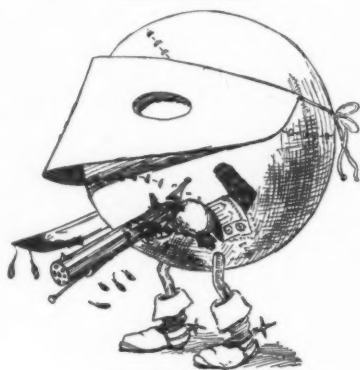
It is sincerely to be hoped that no one will ever raise a cry of "Fire!" in the Casino while a performance is going on in that picturesque play-house, or when its roof-garden is crowded of a summer evening. Although the Casino has fire-escapes somewhere in its complicated architecture, people in a panic have a way of seeking the nearest way out. In the case of the Casino, the usual routes of exit are not exactly models of roominess and directness. The staircases—none too broad—bend and turn and twist in a way that is confusing even to an audience leaving the theatre with the utmost deliberation. Should there be a panic, and should anyone

*The Alger Boy: YER DON'T DAST.
The Other Boy: IF IT ONLY WASN'T FOR THAT BARREL!*

fall at such a time, those in the pushing and pushed crowd behind would pile up on top of one another in a way most horrible to imagine. Should an actual fire occur

instead of only an alarm of fire, there might be accompaniments of crushing and burning and suffocating the like of which New York has never seen.

There are others among New York's older theatres that are not provided with roomy and convenient exits, and it is not unlikely that before long the daily prints will reveal in a disaster that will make the recent Windsor Hotel fire seem an insignificant occurrence. It is customary after such events to say that everyone knew that the places were fire-traps and ought to have been avoided, but that doesn't bring the dead back to life, nor console the mourning survivors. This sort of hindsight isn't of great value except as newspaper copy. What we really need is a little more official foresight on the part of our authorities, which would keep many worthy but unsuspecting persons from risking their lives to see popular shows.



"A MASKED BALL."



HY does Mr. William Waldorf Astor send Mr. William Archer over here to write a series of articles on the American stage? Have the English people become so deeply interested in America that scholarly articles on our theatre will be a drawing card in a magazine that caters to the English masses? This seems hardly likely. British interest in the American stage is confined to the professional element, which regards this as a field for enterprise, and to such of the theatre-going public as are entertained by a few American productions which have succeeded in London. The former is a small class, interested only by the business and technical aspects of the theatre, and the interest of the latter class may be judged by the fact that its greatest evidence

is the success of a Casino production called "The Belle of New York."

Mr. Archer is a competent and honest critic—his head a trifle among the clouds, perhaps—but it is not likely that his observations will be read by either of the classes mentioned, and his topic is not one to be an attractive feature for a popular periodical.

Mr. Astor must have a deeper motive, then. Can it be that he has sent Mr. Archer to study the organization of The Syndicate for the Strangling of Dramatic Art? This seems unlikely, for that is simply a speculative concern, which Mr. Astor's business representations could describe better than an accomplished critic. There seems to be only one other solution. Mr. Astor is going to atone for removing himself from America by endowing for his bereaved

countrymen a National Theatre where they may forget their loneliness while witnessing artistic performances of dramatic classics. For this purpose, doubtless, he has sent Mr. Archer to spy out the ground, and on the return of his emissary the necessary five millions will probably be sent over by return steamer. If Mr. Astor will do this, we will gladly forgive him for living in London.
Metcalfe.

Hear Him Out.

WAGGLE: Yes, sir, a man never knows what happiness is until he marries—

Mrs. W.: I'm glad to hear you say that.

"And then it is too late."



PUZZLE.
FIND THE AUTHOR.

• LIFE •

Spring in the City.



THROUGH all the town prim-
roses bloom,
And daffodilys fling perfume
In many a Broadway florist's.
Shy viclets lift their high-priced
heads
From damp, dark, dank and mossy
beds

Of Twenty-third Street forests!

Adown the street the cables clang
As though a merry song they sang,
A lyric, laughing-noted.
The gladsome gripman's widening smile
Would indicate his joy, the while;
Perhaps, indeed, he wrote it!

Poor shepherd poets take their crooks
And wander by McCartney's brooks

To where life lilts and lazies
Through purple-hung Astorian glades
And 'mid dim, Weberfieldian shades
They go to hunt for daisies!

And on through bosky Union Square,
By cross-town dingles deep, to where
Grace Church's chimes are ringing
A tune fantastic—some old thing
That doesn't count, for Mother Spring
Deep in our hearts is singing

That same sweet, tender, happy lay
That Mendelssohn once tried to play
And blundered—oh, the pity!—
Because he missed the rapture true.
The blessed joys he never knew
Of springtime in the city!

Kate Masterson.

One Way to Do It.

"WHY don't you," said little Isaac Einstein to little Prudence Bronson, "why don't you keep a horse and carriage?"

Prudence weighed the question, and then replied:

"Well, Ikey, it's just this way. My papa can afford to buy the horse, and he can afford to buy the carriage, but he can't afford to keep a man to look after the horse and carriage."

"That makes no difference," rejoined Ikey. "He might get the horse and carriage and the man, and then not pay the man."



"YOUR MAJESTY!"

"WELL?"

"I THINK WE'LL HAVE TO HAVE ANOTHER
FURNACE A LARGE PARTY OF BOSTON LADIES
ARRIVED LAST NIGHT AND THE THERMOMETERS
ARE FROZEN."



Mrs. N.: NOAH, IF THAT COUPLE GO ABOARD, I STAY HERE.

MAN'S importunity is woman's opportunity. IT is more blessed to call than to receive.

Mr. Gerry of Rhode Island.



MR. GERRY, who has devoted himself so long and faithfully to the protection of children, wants to have his Society exempted from the official supervision to which all other charitable institutions in the State are subject. That is more than should be conceded even to Mr. Gerry. Unusual and very extensive powers have been granted to his Society. It is more fitting that unusual means should be used to safeguard the public from the misuse of such powers than that the ordinary precautions that the laws provide should be abolished. New York has all the autocracy it can carry already. It doesn't need to provide for any more by statute, and probably as long as Roosevelt is Governor it won't.

Besides this, there seems to be prevalent a notion that the donations to his Society from charitable persons have been disbursed, to put it mildly, in an extravagant manner. In the face of such rumors, Mr. Gerry should court investigation instead of seeking extra-legal powers to avoid it. In the

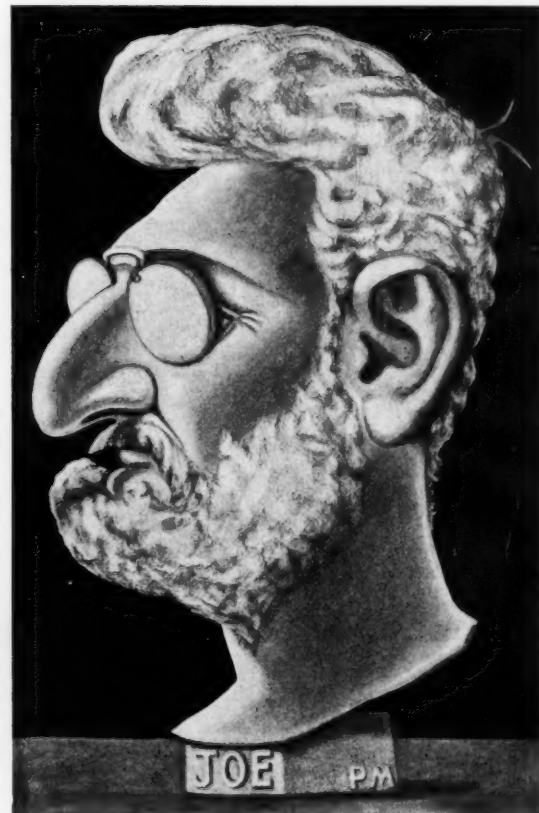


A. Minor Ursa: I SEE YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE BIG BEAR. WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME HOW HE IS THIS EVENING?

management of charitable trust funds, the principle of not letting the right hand know what the left is doing may be carried too far.



A Famous Doubler.



A Great Editor.

LIFE'S PANTHEON OF POPULAR PETS.
MARBLE STATUES OF UP-TO-DATE GODS, COMPILED BY OUR OWN LIGHTNING CARICATURE CHISELER.



The girl arrived at a friend's house, flushed and exhilarated. "Do I look any the worse for wear?" said she; "such a Cay! Got in town this morning, and lunched with a man at the Savarin. Always been dying to go there, and I never lunched alone with a man before in my life. Wouldn't mamma have spasms if she knew! I shook my man after lunch, took a hansom up to the Astoria, where I telephoned six different men to come there to see me. Been holding a reception, one at a time, you know. Told the first man to meet me at 2:15 in the Moorish Room and the next at 2:45 in the palm-garden, and I fixed the time and the place so cleverly that not one of them knew the other had been there. Each thought himself the only one, and I told them all I couldn't give them but half an hour, because I was on the fly and you were waiting for me up here. That was time enough to give any man and to drink a cocktail. Had one with each as he came along—I had to be sociable, you know, and of course I couldn't explain that I'd had one before. One before luncheon and six at the Astoria—lucky I had a different waiter every time, wasn't it? I managed that. Seven at a stretch breaks my record, and I haven't turned a hair."

—New York Press.

A CASE was recently being tried in one of the departments of the Superior Court. "I would like to ask, your Honor, that this case go over until to-morrow," said one of the attorneys.

"On what ground?" said the Judge. "Too tired?"

"Yes, your Honor, I have been arguing a case all day in Department Two, and I am really too fatigued to go on with this trial."

"Very well, let the case go over. Call the next case." The next case was called and another attorney arose.

"May I please your Honor, I would like to ask that this case go over."

"For what reason?"

"I am too tired."

"You, too? What makes you tired?"

"I have been listening all day to my learned friend in Department Two."—Argonaut.

A PRETTY saying of an army officer is reported by an exchange.

He married, in 1865, the daughter of a man whose whole heart was in the cause of the Southern negroes. The marriage has been a very happy one.

"Were you so much interested in the slavery question when I knew you?" asked a college friend, who had not seen the officer for thirty years.

"Yes, but I didn't talk much about it," was the reply.

"But after I met my wife's father, I became a strong abolitionist, and very soon after I met her I became a slave."

—Youth's Companion.

TWO LADIES visiting in Washington recently went to the Capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States Senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the Senators' gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this passport, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any Senator they might be acquainted with.

"But we do not know any Senator," they replied.

"Well, it is very much to your credit," said the doorkeeper. "Pass right in, ladies."—Argonaut.

"He comes not!" she faltered, wringing her hands.

The hour of tryst was long past.

"He will never come!" cried the distracted girl. "But, happily, I know a neat song and dance which will perhaps enable me to earn my living. Let her go, professor!"

The audience thundered applause, appreciating at once the exquisite art with which the specialty had been interpolated in the melodrama.—Detroit Journal.

My little maid told me the other afternoon that she wished to get off early, as she was going to the theatre. Next morning I asked her what play she saw.

"Madame Fye-Fye," she said.

"I'm told that's a very immoral play," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed it is, ma'am," she said; "it's elegant!"

—Dramatic Mirror.

It was the shank of the evening in Berlin. "Good evening, Herr Police Officer," said the citizen.

"Come with me," was the policeman's answer.

"Donner-wetter! Was ist los?" asked the astonished citizen.

"You that it is evening assumed have, when the emperor not dined has yet already."—Indiana Journal.

"TALKING of patriotism," said Asbury Peppers, "the South furnishes the only genuine article."

"What?" shouted the boarder from Connecticut.

"Fact. Think of the clay-eaters down in Georgia. Just think of how they like their native soil."

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER: Oh, Lady Horton, we have started a hockey club. I do wish you would allow Cora to join.

LADY HORTON: How enterprising! And do you play a mixed team?

"Oh, no; not at all. I assure you they are all very nice people."—Exchange.

"I WONDER why it is so rare for a man to marry his first love?"

"Generally because a woman of thirty-five has too much sense to marry a kid of eighteen."—Indianapolis Journal.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C. 4, England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823. WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

DALY'S

Every Evening at 8:00.
The Drury Lane Sensational Play,
The Great Ruby.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday at 2.

PHOTOS FROM LIFE. Model-studies for
painters and sculptors, really artistic and most beautiful collection.
Price List, with 100 miniatures and 2 cabinet-size
photos, \$1.00 note or stamps.—S. RECKNAGEL,
Nachfolger, Munich, I. Briefach, Germany.

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The Purest Type
of the
Purest Whiskey.

The Favorite
at all first-class
Clubs, Cafes, Hotels.

10 Years Old.

Rich Flavor.

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has ancestry.



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Was the first maker of
Champagne in the World
The choice of Royalty
for 170 years has been
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WOOL SOAP

is as good
as any soap selling
for ten times the
WOOL SOAP price

NO CHAPPED OR
ROUGH HANDS FROM
WOOL SOAP USING

SWIFT AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



Because a bicycle "looks nice" is no sign it is of RAMBLER grade. To frictionless bearings and accuracy of sprockets and chain are due the easy running qualities of

Rambler Bicycles—\$40

Agencies everywhere.

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Brooklyn, Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo,
Cleveland, London, Eng.

A Large Stock
Always
Carried by
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BUCKLEY
& CO.**
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Henley
Telegraph Co., Ltd
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1899 CONSTRUCTION

Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless.

The forward mechanism is now placed in an independent bushing or sleeve, which is inserted in the bracket and clamped in position. The gear adjustments both front and rear have been made entirely independent of each other, thus greatly simplifying the operation of bringing the gears to mesh.

OUR NEW MODELS FOR 1899.

CHAINLESS,	- - -	\$75
COLUMBIA CHAIN,	- - -	50
HARTFORDS,	- - -	35
VEDETTES,	- - -	\$25, 26

Catalogue free of any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

COLLAR BUTTON INSURANCE

GIVEN WITH EVERY



KREMENTZ

One-Piece Collar Button

Made of One Piece of Metal
Without Seam or Joint

You get a new one without charge in case of accident of any kind. Best for ladies' shirt waists and children's dresses. The Story of a Collar Button gives all particulars. Postal us for it. All jewelers sell Krementz buttons.

KREMENTZ & CO., 60 Chestnut St., Newark, N.J.

Spencerian Pens

New Series No. 37.

See
That
Hole?



That is for inserting a pointed instrument to eject the pen from the holder, and to prevent the ink from flowing back on the pen and soiling the fingers. Samples on receipt of return postage. Ask for Vertical No. 37.

Spencerian Pen Company
450 Broome Street, New York.

THE PRUDENTIAL

Profit-Sharing, Life Insurance Policies

on every approved plan.

*Ordinary Policies, \$500
to \$50,000 on the Whole Life,
Limited Payment and Endowment Plan.*

INDUSTRIAL Policies from \$15 up.
PROTECTION to Individual, Family and Business Interests.
PROFITABLE INVESTMENT for Surplus Funds or Savings.

Write for Information,
**The Prudential Insurance Co.
OF AMERICA.**
John F. Dryden, Pres., Home Office, Newark, N.J.

ABBOTT'S THE ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS



DID YOU EVER COLLECT STAMPS?
There is much pleasure and money in it. For only 5 cents we will start you with an Album, and 50 different stamps from Cuba, Phil. Isl., Porto Rico, etc., and our 50-page list, etc. We Buy Old Stamps. Standard Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo.

IMPORTANT DOMESTIC STATISTICS.

An up-to-date mathematician figures that the use of telephone service in a private house adds 87 per cent. to the time available for social or intellectual pleasures, increases the sweetness of the temper 47½ per cent. by conjuring awkward emergencies of all sorts, and prolongs the expectancy of life 5.875 per cent., owing to the removal of daily fiction and the sense of perfect security obtained. Message rates make the service absurdly cheap, considering these important results.

"If I say," said the teacher, "'the pupil loves his teacher,' what sort of a sentence is that?"
"Sarcasm," said the boy.—*Exchange*.

THE THORNDIKE, BOSTON.

Quiet, and used by the best people. Most accessible of all Back Bay hotels.

THE master was asking questions. "Now, boys," he said, "how many months have twenty-eight days?"
"All of them," replied a sharp lad at once.
—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.

The inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced have access at all times to the dairymen's premises, with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.

"This orchard picture is a peach," exclaimed the enthusiastic studio visitor.
"But I intended it for an apple orchard," said the artist, plaintively.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A BOTTLE of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne with your dinner makes it complete. It pleases everyone.

DOCTOR: How many glasses of beer do you drink daily?
PATIENT: I will tell you frankly, doctor, if you will first go to the door and make sure my wife isn't listening.
—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of Hotel Life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"YES," sighed the man off the *Germanic*, "we had an awful cold voyage two-thirds of the way."
"What did you do then?" inquired the sympathetic listener.
"Well, about that time we got a boat stove in and that helped a lot."—*Yale Record*.

THE LAST ECHO FROM THE HORSE SHOW.

They say that all the ribbon streamers which were offered to the winners were perfumed with the Violettes du Czar of Oriza-Legrand—sold by all perfumers and druggists—this delicate perfume with which Madison Square Garden, the rendezvous of all the pretty women, was completely impregnated.

"COME and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't; I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman; "bring him with you."—*Exchange*.

AN AGENT OF CIVILIZATION.

After Rome had fallen the world passed through a period of physical barbarism. Historians say that for many hundred years the bath was almost unknown in Europe. The peculiar epidemics of the middle ages—the spotted plague, the black death, and the sweating sickness, were all due to the unpopularity of water and the absence of soap. With the Renaissance came a better knowledge of the skin and its necessities. Men and women began to realize in a vague way that the outside surface must be kept clean in order to preserve health.

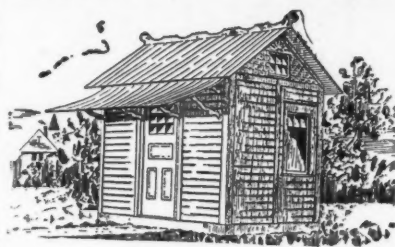
Possibly this lack of persistent cleanliness was due to the absence of good soap. It is hardly possible to imagine that the people of, say two hundred years ago, with their meagre knowledge of practical chemistry, were able to produce a pure soap; free, on the one hand, from biting alkalies, and on the other from superfluous fat.

The problem of how to make good soap was solved in the last century by an English chemist named Pears, who conceived the idea of manufacturing a perfectly pure soap. After the usual period of experimental failures, he at last succeeded in making a soap which was the most perfect ever produced. Mr. Pears soon found a ready sale for his product. The business grew until Pears' became the most popular soap in the world. The house of Pears has been reported as spending over \$600,000 a year in advertising in newspapers and magazines alone, and their advertisements reach every English speaking person.

Pears' soap is so simple in its composition that it is difficult for the ordinary mind to grasp the reason of its superiority. It contains no medicines. It is simply a perfectly pure soap. It does not contain any alkali to roughen and irritate the skin, nor does it contain an excess of fat to smear the skin. It is nothing but soap.

The influence of Pears' soap on the culture of the English-speaking people during the last century has been exhibited in two ways. First, it has made cleanliness pleasant, and thus has promoted that peculiar refinement of person, without which no civilization can be complete. Secondly, the advertisements of this article have been artistic productions. Pears' soap advertisements for many years have disseminated art, fine art, among the plain people.

Portable Houses



Buy your children a Play House; your boy can erect it. For particulars write to Mershon & Morley, Saginaw, Mich. We manufacture portable houses for Hunters' Cabins, Summer Resort Cottages, and a dozen other purposes.

MERSHON & MORLEY
SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

THIS CHAIR IS COVERED WITH
Pantasote.

EXACTLY RESEMBLES FINE MOROCCO

But will outwear it
and costs half as much.

Waterproof Greaseproof
Stainproof Germproof

This wonderful material does not crack or peel, does not rot, never gets sticky, never moulds, has no odor, is difficult to deface, contains no rubber or cellulose, will not burn, is always handsome.

For Library, Den, Office, Dining Room or Club Room Furniture, PANTASOTE has no equal.

Tested for six years by leading railways and steamship lines, carriage builders and furniture makers, with unqualified success.

Made in all standard colors, in plain leather grains or richly embossed patterns.

We do not retail, but will send enough to cover a chair seat. 18 x 18 inches for 25 cents in stamps. State color.

Sample free. 15 x 6 inches sent for 2 cent stamp and your upholsterer's name and address.

CAUTION! The success of PANTASOTE has produced many imitations. Don't allow dealers to substitute inferior and often worthless and dangerous goods on which they make more money. The word "PANTASOTE" is stamped on the genuine article.

The Pantasote Company,
29 BROADWAY, Dept. N.,
NEW YORK CITY.





WHAT AN EDITOR HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Irate Widow: I'VE CALLED TO ASK WHAT YOU MEAN BY ALLUDING TO ME IN YOUR PAPER AS THE "relic of THE diseased GENTLEMAN!"—Moonshine.



The Best is the Cheapest

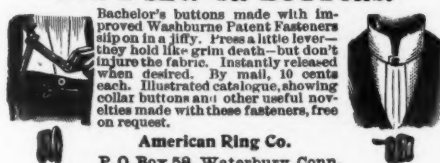
Rae's Olive Oil is both the best and cheapest, quality considered.

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s Finest Sublime Lucca Oil, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Lédoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of Superior Quality and Flavor."

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

Established 1836.

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American Ring Co.
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Limber the Links

Keep the chain on your wheel in perfect condition with

DIXON'S CYCLE CHAIN GRAPHITES

In five styles, stick and paste forms. The best lubricant for chains and sprockets. Sold by all dealers.
JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

THE Keeley Cure

Alcohol, Opium, Drug Using.

The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at these **KEELEY INSTITUTES**. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

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THIS AUTOGRAPH IS NEVER ON A POOR SHADE-ROLLER AND NEVER ABSENT FROM A GOOD ONE.

GET THE GENUINE

HARTSHORN



OLD OVERHOLT

High Standard Pennsylvania Pure Rye Whiskey. "Bottled in Bond" direct from the barrel at the Distillery.

TINKHAM TRICYCLES

afford all the pleasure and exercise of bicycling without the nervous strain and danger. '99 Model weighs 31 pounds.

Tinkham Chair Cycles also permit invalids to obtain all the exhilarating effects of driving. The driving frame can be detached as shown below.

Send for descriptive catalogue.

THE TINKHAM CO.,
308-310 West 59th St., New York.

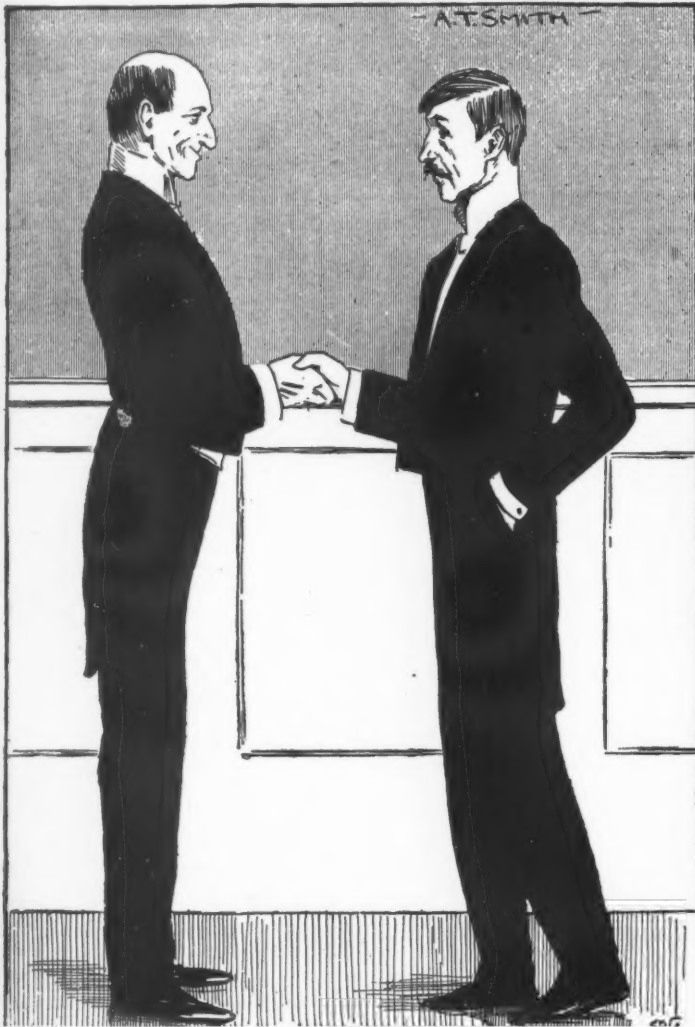
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

Ever used WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP for shampooing? No? Then you have missed one of the greatest luxuries imaginable. It is simply marvelous what a great mass of thick, creamy lather a small piece of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP will make when rubbed into the hair and scalp. How cleansing, cooling and refreshing it is! How thoroughly it removes every particle of dandruff, and how soft, "fluffy" and silky it leaves the hair!

Like to try it? Sample free for 2c. stamp to pay postage.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS are the recognized Standard the world over.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.
Depots: London, Paris, Dresden, Sydney.



AFTER THE FIRST DANCE.

First Dancing Man: Hullo, old chap! Jolly dance, isn't it?—grand floor—ripping girls! I do enjoy a dance, don't you?

Second Ditto: Rather! Should think I did! Come and have a smoke.

(They retire, to be seen no more.)

—Fun.

Elegant Stationery

at one time might have been a luxury—now it is a necessity. One is not in good form using cheap paper, and nothing is criticised more than the paper used in correspondence. A good or bad impression is formed by the Stationery one uses. Always insist on having **Whiting's Papers**. We know of no dealer who does not carry these goods in stock or can get them for you. Something wrong if he cannot supply the papers made by the largest manufacturers of fine correspondence papers in the world.

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For Everybody
Every man and every woman will find a machine to his or her liking in the line of
Waverley
Bicycles \$40
Good machines at lower prices also in the Ivanhoe line.
Full information in the Catalogue—Free.
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WHY IS IT THAT
People who once use
OLD CROW RYE

stand by it year in and year out? It's the sterling quality. No other Whiskey tastes as fine, is as good or as effective.

H. B. Kirk & Co., N.Y.

NESTOR
MADE IN EGYPT
DISTINCTIVELY ULTRA
CIGARETTES

There's Magic In It.
JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT
Restores the tired and weak.

185, Regent St
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Ld

LATE OF PARIS AND NEW YORK.

After fifteen years of uninterrupted success as a Ladies' Tailor in New York, Mr. Ernest has opened an extensive establishment at 185 Regent Street, near Conduit Street, London, where he has always on view the latest creations in **COATS and GOWNS**. Mr. Ernest pays the highest wages in England to his tailors, and thus obtains the finest workmanship.

YOUR ARM

can be enlarged one inch and wrist strengthened 50 per cent. IN ONE MONTH by using the

HERCULES

Graduated Gymnastic Club and Strength Tester. Unlike Indian clubs. **BUT ONE CLUB IS REQUIRED FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.**

With this club the arms and chest can be developed in less than one-half the time required by chest weights, dumbbells, or any other apparatus known.

Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet and price list to

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JOHNSON'S
DIGESTIVE
TABLETS
DIGEST ANY KIND
OF FOOD KNOWN
TO MAN

CHEW
BEE MAN
THE ORIGINAL
PEPSI
GUM
Cures Indigestion and Sea-Sickness
All Others are Imitations